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THE BIRTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

WE have been able thus far to observe the influence of governments and of laws on the manners of women. After several successive ages, a change was effected, which went in some measure to purify and renew the morals of this sex, too weak to stem the torrent of licentiousness.

We have successively seen the women among the Patriarchs reduced to the simple employment of a mother of a family; among the Egyptians, treated with more consideration, and always regarded as the sources of happiness: in Greece, sometimes neglected, as in Athens; sometimes, as among the Lacedemonians, exposed to the curious eyes of the men, and, at the same time, the victims of a cold and criminal philosophy, which, by misplacing, degraded them. They held a more respectable situation in Rome, in the first ages of the republic; but soon afterwards abandoned to all its dissoluteness, and all its dangers, they are seen to follow the Roman Empire in its decline, to partake of its corruption, and involve themselves in its ruin. Such was the gradual progress of the manners and the conditions of women so far back as the reign of Tiberius.

At length Christianity arose: it came to offer to mankind a safe system of morals, of present and of future happiness; it proposed to them, as their glory, a reconciliation to the Supreme Being; as an end, in adopting it, sweet consolations on the earth; and, as a reward for persevering in it, an eternal rest in heaven.

Until that time the women, unsettled in their desires, and subdued even in their thoughts, unacquainted with any other light than the transient glimmerings of pleasure, waited without hope. Having become Christians, they subdued their reason; and warmed by a pure and vivid flame, they elevated themselves to the divine love, and tasted that anticipated happiness which faith inspires in our breasts even in adversity.

It is in these tender minds, above all others, that the law of Christ ought to exercise all its influence. They were, in fact, the first to embrace these religious doctrines, which corresponding to all the secret movements of their hearts, to their natural fondness for pity, for love, and for devotion, proposed to them engaging occupations, and enjoyments without remorse. It is difficult to delineate the amazing revolution which this period effected.

Christianity, severe in its principles, but proffering forgiveness, substituted the reign of the mind for that of the passions. If polities and philosophy altogether related to the interests of society, the new legislation made this world appear as an empty shadow, from which every thing ought to alienate us; and the world to come, as the only object which should occupy our thoughts, and direct our hopes. Every thing was purified. Disgrace attached itself to licentiousness. The women became more modest, lamented the want of chastity, imposed sacrifices upon themselves in order to be elevated. Crimes diminished, from the necessity and the obligation they were under of impeaching themselves. Every one was desirous of a restraint, and regarded the limits of his desires and his passions; duties became pleasures; all the wise institutions which had fallen into decay were restored; vows were pronounced; indissoluble bonds were formed; and marriage, which before had been only an union by the simple agreement of the parties, became a sacred tie, solemnized and consecrated at the altar, and protected by the laws. A simple and pure morality offered itself as a support to the unfortunate, and a safeguard to the weak and the innocent. Extinguishing hatred, and forbidding revenge, Peace appeared to descend on the earth, to invite the human race to love and support her; and Religion, by uniting together the minds of all mankind, seemed to form one immense chain, which reached even the throne of the Deity.

Every thing in this new worship served to render it agreeable to the women. It not only re-established a more equal balance between them and us, but corresponded, in some measure, to that inclination, always prevailing among them, to bring others into subjection, and to exercise their power. The convert is also a species of seduction; and the Christian women have, on this account, been seen to give themselves up to it with more ardour than the men. England, France, part of Germany, Bavaria, Hungary, Bohemia, Lithuania, Poland, Russia, and, during some time, Persia, received the gospel from the hands of beauty, and thousands of proselytes were the happy fruits of its charms and its grace.

This sensibility, so natural to women, (a sensibility which love converts into a passion,) was soon transformed by religion into a mild and consolatory pity. A desire of promoting the happiness of others, and of cheering the unfortunate, imparted to their minds an high degree of warmth and ardour. Sacred asylums of misfortune were established, patronized, and overlooked by them. Weakness and commiseration triumphed, from the disgust with which horrid spectacles of distress must have filled them. The sick and the afflicted were taken care of, and their lamentations respected; and the tears which yet trickled down their cheeks, were received into sympathizing bosoms. We at length behold the women, those precious ornaments of the earth, becoming the refuge of the unfortunate, and the resources of the indigent. Persecution likewise, which so severely tried the first Christians, afforded the women an opportunity of unfolding their virtues.

Religion, calm and efficient, has softened their hearts; but when they were oppressed, threatened, and proscribed, it animated their courage, and elevated their sentiments; carried away by a holy enthusiasm, those very women who but lately rivalled the lustre of their charms by the splendour of their dress, now, covered with sack-cloth, forgot their attractions, and the feebleness of their sex, braved death, and even courted it. Let us not be astonished at this amazing fortitude. The worship which they defended with so much zeal, protected their weakness. A series of new ideas and principles of conduct was established by it; and another constitution of society offered itself to their notice, in which

they were able to acquire a rank more respectable than they held before, and totally independent of the men. If they remained in society, a sacred institution bound them to their husbands; if they devoted themselves to the altars, they depended for the future on God alone; and thus, in one word, they passed from slavery into freedom.

ON LITERARY DISPUTES.

I scarce know any thing so ridiculous as a literary dispute: each party is perfectly convinced that he is in the right, and attacks the other with arguments which seem unanswerable and irresistible to himself, but for the same reason have no effect upon his antagonist; for both are so far from weighing the allegations that make against themselves, that they do not attend enough to them to know their purport: thus each combatant attacks the very place that is covered by prejudice with impenetrable armour, and is therefore invulnerable: each wearies himself with striking, and each is astonished that his blows are not felt. "The blockhead," says he, "is as insensible as a stone: you may as well beat a stockfish, or make passes against a brick wall."

GRAMMATICAL EPISTLE.

TO MISS SALLY SYNTAX.

MADAM,

Amongst the *numeral prepositions* towards a matrimonial *union* with your amiable *person*, I hope you'll not *decline* the *interjection* of my preliminary pretences. I should not wish to be a mere *noun adjective* to you in all *cases*, but I *positively* declare, that *comparitively* speaking, I should be *superlatively* happy to agree with you in the *subjunctive mood*. I trust you'll not opiniate me singular, for desiring to have the *plural* in my family; I shall fabricate no *verbal* oration, to prove how long to have our affections in *common of two:* but I presume, that in case of a *conjunction copulative*, you'll use no *indicative* solicitation to be in the *imperative mood*, as I am determined to be in the *potential active*, while you are in the *future passive*, or in the *supine:* for it is the *optative* of my soul to become your *relative*, by the *antecedent* of *regular conjugation*, as this alone can constitute a *lawful concord* with the *feminine gender*, and afford us a *participle* of *substantive happiness*. Every *article possessive* or *genitive* shall become a *dative translation* to you; nothing shall be *accusative* against your *government;* and your sweet *nominative* without a *pronoun* or even *adverb* shall be my *vocative*, till death the great *ablative* of all living, by the *gradual declension* of our corporal nature puts a *final termination* to the *present tense*, and time through an *infinite progression* of ages may render us *preterperfect* in the *future tense;* in the interium my *principal part of speech* in its *primitive* or *derivative extension* is to the end that you may put the most charitable *construction* on this *simple preposition*, and that your *definitive resolution* may be *consonant* to the wishes of your very *indeclinable* lover.

MICHAEL DE MARIBUS.

On Stones, presumed to have fallen from the Skies.

Citizen Vauquelin, a French chemist, has procured specimens of the stones analysed by Howard, brought from the East Indies, from England, from Italy, and from Bohemia, to which he has joined those which fell in France in the year 1789 and again in 1790. He has remarked, as well as Howard, that these stones resemble each other so exactly, that it is almost impossible to distinguish them.

Different analyses have convinced him, that they all contain the same principles; namely, silex, magnesia, iron, nickel, and sulphur. These results render it probable that *their origin is exterior to our globe;* for hitherto no similar stones have been found in its interior.

Chemists would at this day be very much embarrassed to find in the atmosphere the component parts which they have discovered by analysation in the stones represented to have fallen from Heaven, and of course would be naturally inclined to reject such statements as absurd. But Citizen Laplace has suggested an explication, which he offers, not as the only one that may be given of the fact, and not with a view to prove the existence of it, but merely that we may not too hastily reject the same as absurd; and that we may, at least, suspend our judgment, until time shall procure more decisive authorities.

A very simple calculation suffices to shew, that a body projected from the moon requires only a velocity nearly quintuple to that of a twenty-four pound ball, discharged with a portion of powder equal to one half of its weight, to arrive at a distance where the attraction of that satellite is reduced to the same intensity as that of the earth. That point being passed, the body, as being then within the sphere of activity of our globe, must necessarily fall upon its surface. The appearance of very considerable volcanoes perceivable on the disk of the moon, render such a discharge or projection not improbable; but, independently of the eruptions, which may be more or less frequent, it will not frequently happen that the direction of the projectile force will be that which the combined movements of the moon and of the earth require, in order that a moveable body discharged from the former planet may reach the other.

The atmosphere of the moon, the very existence of which is called in question by several astronomers, is, at least, so rare, and comprehends so small an extent, that it can only oppose a very feeble resistance to the bodies that move within its region. It is not the same with our terrestrial atmosphere; it reduces almost to the tenth part of its length the greatest range of a piece of artillery; and the resistance which it opposes to rapid movements is such, that for a body discharged from Vesuvius, for example, to be able to arrive in France, it would require a velocity of projection infinitely more considerable than that which would carry a lunar body to the limits of the sphere of activity of that star.

There is no reason, therefore, to imagine that stones, falling at an immense distance from terrestrial volcanoes, can be the product of the eruptions of those mountains; and mineralogy equally militates against such an explication; for none of the volcanic products hitherto known has any identity with the stones presumed to have fallen from the sky.

To the Editor of the Monitor.

On behalf of ourselves and divers other young women of our acquaintance, who are obliged frequently to walk the streets of this Capital, we desire thee to take in hand the young Fops, many of whom strut about town for no other purpose, that we can discover, than to show themselves and stare in the faces of modest young girls. We have no objection to being looked at in a decent manner, but to be so often under the necessity of turning our faces aside from the piercing eye of Impudence is very inconvenient.

SIDNEY MEEKEYE,
LETITIA PEEP,
REBECCA BLUSHWELL.

Philadelphia,

JULY 21, 1804.

MARRIED,

On the fourteenth instant, Doctor JOHN HOWEL, of Trenton N. J. to Miss LYDIA TAYLOR, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Taylor, of this city.

LETTER FROM A YOUNG GENTLEMAN TO HIS SISTER,

On her removing from the Country to live in the City.

The tender anxiety with which an affectionate brother must naturally be affected by every thing that concerns, however remotely, the present or future felicity of an amiable sister, alone induces me at this time to intrude upon your hours of gaiety and chearfulness, and will, I flatter myself, at least secure me a favourable reception. I confess, my dear girl, I am but ill qualified for the task I have undertaken; but when I consider the change in your situation, and that upon the conduct which you may now adopt, and the sentiments you may now imbibe, your future character, consequence, and peace of mind, in a great measure may depend, my regard for your interest overcomes every other consideration, and prevails upon me to throw together the following scattered thoughts, which may possibly be of some service to you in life.

My youth, and natural indulgence for your sex, will secure you from the rigid austerity of age; while the little experience I have had in the world, the observations upon mankind I have had an opportunity of making, and a certain turn of thought, which I would hope is not peculiar to myself, will prevent my adopting the maxims of the votaries of folly and dissipation, beyond what reason and virtue will justify.

You are now, my dear girl, arrived at a time of life, when the passions begin to unfold themselves, and the heart expands, and discloses all its tender sensibilities: educated in the bosom of rural retirement, far from the liberties of the town, your mind is unsullied as the chrystal stream; your soul the image of spotless purity; and your heart the seat of every virtuous, every delicate sentiment, void of art, and free from affectation; that sweet timidity, that charming delicacy, that inchanting bashfulness, that artless, blushing modesty, which shrink from the most distant approach of every thing rude and indecent, and which forming the brightest ornaments of your sex, shine in their fullest lustre throughout every part of your conduct. Such, my lovely girl, you appear to the friendly but impartial eye of your brother: But will my charming sister always deserve this character? Young as you are, and possessed of so gentle a disposition, will you have resolution sufficient to associate with those who are called the polite and well bred, the gay and fashionable ladies of the present day, without assuming their manners, and adopting their free and forward airs? without, like them, admitting the gentlemen among your acquaintance, to liberties, to familiarities, which, if they are not criminal, are at least inconsistent with that modesty, and chastity of manners, which constitute the first female charm, and the want of which the most brilliant accomplishments cannot compensate? Liberties, which will lessen the dignity of your character, and debase you in the eyes of those who are permitted to take them. Will not those indelicacies, which too many, who are called gentlemen, are accustomed to use in the company of ladies, become familiar from their frequency, and less offensive by repetition, until what at first might shock and disgust, may at length appear even agreeable; and expressions for which a man ought to be kicked out of company, be perhaps heard with a smile? Should this alteration ever take place in my now amiable and blushing sister, should *she* sink into the common herd of what are called the polite, the fashionable, and even virtuous females, what distress will it give a heart which throbs with anxious solicitude for your felicity! How shall I pity your weakness, and mourn over the ruins of your former self!

But should you, my lovely girl, by an intercourse with the world, acquire just that ease and presence of mind, which is necessary for your own satisfaction, and to prevent your being embarrassed, (which is all you stand in need of, if you stand in need of any thing,) without losing any thing of your present sensibility and delicacy—should you, while you feel yourself free and unconstrained in company, at the same time be able to maintain that modest reserve in the whole of your conduct, which, untinctured by haughtiness or pride, flows spontaneously from a native dignity of mind, and purity of heart—you will then have arrived as near to the perfection of the female character, as this state will permit, and will be the delight and admiration of our sex.

If those fashionable ladies, who obtrude themselves on us on every occasion—who admit every freedom which we please to take—who, in public companies, suffer themselves to be clasped in our arms, seated on our knees, kissed, pressed, and toyed with in the most familiar manner—with whom our hands scarce need restraint; if they did but know how much they suffer in our opinion by such conduct, how cheap they render themselves, how they lessen our esteem, and how much we prefer your amiable diffidence, your blushing timidity, they would endeavour to be like you, if not from principle, at least from pride, and the desire of making conquests. Believe me, my dear sister, I am well acquainted with the sentiments of our sex, and can assure you, however desirous they may be, that their companions of an hour, or of a day, should indulge them in every possible freedom, they wish to find very different manners in those whom they would choose for the companions of their lives. Besides, my dear girl, if once you suffer the rules of decency to be broken in upon by one, there is no drawing the line; nor will you find it easy to prevent every person, who passes for a gentleman, to treat you in the same manner; and be assured, there are many who are called gentlemen, who have nothing but the name.

How mortifying ought it to be to an amiable girl, to have liberties taken with her by an insolent brute, because he happens to be well dressed, and has money in his pocket, who is honoured beyond his desert by being admitted into her company! Indeed, to acknowledge the truth, among the most of us, if a young lady will admit every liberty that is not absolutely inconsistent with modesty, she will find it extremely difficult to prevent our taking still greater, and at times, such as ought to be painful to any girl not lost to every sentiment of propriety.

Do you ask me how you shall prevent these liberties being taken with you? I answer, by shunning, as much as possible, those large and mixed companies, where there are no persons present, whose age, or the gravity of whose character, may in some measure lay a restraint upon the rest; and by uniformly and regularly checking every thing of that nature in its first attempt.

(To be continued.)

MARY.

The wind blew chill, the beating rain
In torrents pour'd on Mary's form,
As wrapt in grief she sought the plain,
And brav'd the fury of the storm:
Loud thunder roll'd along the sky,
The vivid lightning round her gleam'd;
Her bosom heav'd with many a sigh,
And tears adown her pale cheeks stream'd.

Oh, Henry! cruel, perjur'd youth,
How could you this fond heart deceive?
Oft' have you vow'd, with seeming truth,
You never would your Mary leave:
Ah me! this little, trembling heart
Fondly believ'd the oaths you've sworn,
And where it lov'd, could see no art—
But Mary now is left forlorn.

Yet hear me, ev'ry heav'nly pow'r,
Invoke your blessings on his head;
May no ill-fated, luckless hour
To Henry whisper—"Mary's dead!"
She spoke—But now—a stiffen'd corse,
By lightning struck, poor Mary lay!
And Henry lives to deep remorse,
And dire despair, a lasting prey.

MODERN LOVE DITTY.

Where Schuylkill o'er her rocky bed,
Roars like a Bull in battle,
In neat log-cabin lives a maid,
Who tends her father's cattle;
She's ev'ry charm of mind and face,
Young, handsome, gay, and witty,
And then she rides with such a grace
With butter to the City.

Her churns and pails scour'd white as snow,
And plac'd upon the dresser,
And pewter plates in many a row,
Where you might see your face, sir;
She'l rear the hay-cock on the mead,
Or toss it out so pretty,
Or mounted on old-grey, will speed
With butter to the City.

To see her panting o'er her churn,
With charms so flush'd and glowing,
Would make a hermits' bosom burn,
His frozen blood set flowing;
But all the lads their arts have try'd
In vain to move her pity,
She jeers, then mounts old-grey, to ride
With butter to the City.

Ah me! tho' us'd to stir my stumps,
My cart I scarce can follow,
And, sharing in his masters' dumps,
Not Dobbin minds my halloo.
O! Could I make this lass my bride,
Could I but marry Kitty,
Together in my cart we'd ride
With butter to the City.

TO A DAUGHTER ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

How many virtues should be seen,
When once the Maid becomes sixteen,
To watch a father's failing years,
To dry an anxious mother's tears,
How many ills may chance betide
A brother wandering far and wide,
Who gazing on the green sea's foam,
May sigh but sigh in vain, for home.
Then should a sister's tender care
Against his wish'd return prepare;
Perhaps some younger prattler's noise
A parent's feebler health annoys.
Then should a sister's better sense
Provide a Cure for petulence,
Perhaps the infant's shriller cry
Proclaims no tender mother nigh.
Sweet are the feelings which dispose
To hush the cherub to repose;
Perhaps the world too hard may press,
And penury and keen distress
May cloud the hospitable door
Where peace and plenty smil'd before;
Then should the aching bosom prove
The comfort of a daughter's love;
For then the eye uplifted prays
That she may know far happier days.....
Such are the virtues to be seen
When once the maid becomes sixteen.
But let not rising Beauty's bloom
With pale solicitude consume,
Nor pine with over anxious fears
That cares must multiply with years.....
Sweet are the pleasures to be seen
When once the maid becomes sixteen.
Then shall the gentle bosom beat,
With soft but inexperienc'd heat,
Connecting happiness and truth
With thoughts of some more favor'd youth;
Then too shall health a glow diffuse,
Fit subject for the youthful Muse;
Then shall a father's fondness trace
The mother's charms, the mother's grace;
Again shall hang enamour'd o'er,
What thrill'd the bosom long before;
Then in his girl's accomplish'd mind
Return for all his care shall find,
And, in the praise which all bestow,
The sweetest recompense shall know,
Manners the fruit of sterling sense,
And smiles the gift of innocence.
Good humour, warm desire to please,
With cheerfulness and graceful ease.
Sweet qualities! and thousands more,
Which parents gaze with rapture o're,
May all on this fair morn be seen,
For Jane is now become sixteen.

APOSTROPHE TO THE STARS.

Roll on, ye Stars! exult in youthful prime,
Mark, with bright curves, the printless steps of Time!
Near, and more near, your beamy cars approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach.
Flowers of the sky! ye too to age must yeild,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field;
Star after star from heav'n's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush;
Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
And Death, and Night, and Chaos cover all;
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal Nature lifts her changeful form;
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars, and shines, another and the same.

D.

CLEONE.

So when the Plague, o'er London's gasping crowds,
Shook her dark wing, and steer'd her murky clouds;
When o'er the friendless bier no rites were read,
No dirge slow chanted, and no pall outspread;
While Death and Night pil'd up the naked throng,
And Silence drove their ghastly carts along,
Six* lovely daughters, and their father, swept
To the throng'd grave, Cleone saw, and wept.
Her tender mind, with meek religion fraught,
Drank, all-resign'd, Affliction's bitter draught;
Alive, and listening to the whisper'd groan
Of other's woes, unmindful of her own.
One smiling boy, her last sweet hope, she warms,
Hush'd on her bosom, cradled in her arms.
Daughter of woe! ere morn, in vain caress'd,
Clung the cold babe upon thy milkless breast;
With feeble cries thy last sad aid requir'd,
Stretch'd its stiff limbs, and on thy lap expir'd!
Long, with wide eye-lids, on her child she gaz'd,
And long to Heav'n their tearless orbs she rais'd;
Then, with quick foot and throbbing heart, she found
Where Chartreuse open'd deep his holy ground;
Bore her last treasure through the midnight gloom,
And kneeling dropp'd it in the mighty tomb.
"I follow next!" the frantic mourner said,
And living plung'd amid the festering dead.

* During the last great plague in London, one pit, to receive the dead, was dug in the Charter-House, forty feet long, sixteen feet wide, and twenty feet deep, and in two weeks received 1114 bodies. During this dire calamity there were instances of mothers carrying their own children to those public graves; and of people delirious, or in despair for the loss of friends, who threw themselves alive into these pits. See Journal of the Plague in 1665, printed for E. Nutt, Royal Exchange.